

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TACK'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1925.

Number 49.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis deepest midnight;
All without is dark, and drear, and silent.
No sound wakes to cheer and light the scene.
The very stars seem half-averse to shine.
And look from out the sable curtain'd sky,
As though afraid of spectres. All is still.
Set, now and then, the growl of distant thunder.
Not even the lightest breath stirs through the trees;
But the thick air seems motionless and dead.
Oh! for some well known sound of earth, to tell
That Nature's self sleeps not more to wake!
The house dog's voice, or the more cheerful notes
Of morning's bird. Any thing but this deep silence!
This unearthly calm! This breathless solitude!
'Tis at such hour as this, that trouble's ghosts
Steal o'er the earth, and show their "hastly forms"
To the half-opened eye of sleep unquiet.
Prompting terrific visions. Even now,
The lightning flash, that streams along the west,
Looks like a glimmer from the dreadful pit.
Where Fiends and Spirits hold their night orgies!
I know not what I fear, yet, reason's spite.
A nameless horror creeps o'er all my frame!
I'll look no more upon these out-door scenes,
For they are dark at best, and better far
Refitting the deep and phrenzied gaze
Of some half-mad man's eye, than of mine.
Poor simple songstress. Rather let me turn
Within myself an eye of contemplation.

How lustreless seem all the brilliancies
Of faded life, view'd through the dark'ning glass
Of midnight gloom. Pledge, how it dwindle down,
And seems the very meanest thing, that crawls
On earth's "rotundity." Pleasure, too,
Puts off her garb, and quits her siren songs,
And sits all cloth'd in dingy color'd veils;
And much we wonder we should ever love
Her haggard form so well. Fortune pours out
Her bags of gold; but never did the coin
Of ancient Sparta look so valueless—
Ambition's burnish'd steel that gleam'd so brightly
In the sun, and drew all beholders,
And glow'd with human blood. One only form
Looks lovelier for the gloom—"The Virtue";
Rounded her brow celestial light is gleaming,
And I feel even now, how poor, more than poor,
Are earth's gay vanities, when this command
With her possession. I could sing of Virtue
'Till the morning sun crimson'd the clouds;
But 'tis a lovely theme to sleep on too.
I'd ye'er think, ye careless, reckless ones,
How sweetly she can smooth the thorny couch
Of sorrow and affliction? She can make
The bed of poverty seem soft as down,
And prompt such dreams as vice can never know.

From the (Lon.) New Monthly Magazine, for April.
LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

JERUSALEM.

In an apartment a little on the left of the rotunda,
and paved with marble, is shown the spot where
Christ appeared to Mary in the garden. Near this
begins the ascent to Calvary; it consists of eighteen
very lofty stone steps; you then find yourself on the
top of a beautifully variegated slender marble, in
the midst of which are three or four white pillars of
the same material, which support the roof, and sepa-
rate the Greek division of the spot from that ap-
propriated to the Catholics; these pillars are partly
shrouded by silk hangings. At the end stand two
small and elegant altars; over that of the Catholics
is a painting of the crucifixion, and over the Greek is
one of the taking down the body from the cross.
A number of silver lamps are constantly burning,
and throw a rich and softened light over the
whole of this striking scene. The street leading to
Calvary has a long and gradual ascent, the elevation
of the stone steps is about twenty feet, and if it is
considered that the summit has been removed to
make room for the sacred church, the ancient hill,
though low was sufficiently conspicuous.

The very spot where the cross was fixed is shown;
it is a hole in the rock, surrounded by a silver rim,
and each pilgrim prostrates himself and kisses it with
the greatest devotion. Its identity is probably as
strong as that of the cross and crown of thorns found
a few feet below the surface; but where is the scene
around or within the city, however sacred, that is
not defaced by the inventions of the fathers? Having
resolved to pass the night in the church, we took
possession for a few hours of a small apartment ad-
joining the gallery that overlooks the crowded area
beneath. As it grew near midnight, we ascended
again to the summit of Calvary. The pilgrims one
after another had dropped off, till at last all had
departed. No footsteps broke on the deep silence of
the scene. At intervals, from the Catholic chapel
below, was heard the melody of the organ, mingled
with the solemn chanting of the priests, who sang
the death and sufferings of the Redeemer. This ser-
vice, pausing at times, and again rising slowly on the
ear, had an effect inexpressibly fine. The hour, the
stillness, the softened light and sound, above all, the
belief of being where He who "so loved us" poured
out his life, affected the heart and the imagination in
a manner difficult to be described. Hour after hour
passed away fast, and we descended to the chamber of
the sepulchre. How vivid the midnight lights stream-
ed on every part; the priest had quitted his charge,
and the lately crowded scene was now lonely. This
was the moment above all others, to bend over the
spot, where "the sting of death and the terrors of the
grave" were taken away forever.

Soon after daylight the pilgrims began to return,
and continued their visits till the ensuing night. The
fathers lamented deeply the breaking out of the Greek
revolution, and the internal war between the
two Patriarchs, which have combined to diminish the
number of pilgrims to less than one fourth part of
what it formerly was, as the journey is become too
dangerous. Three or four thousand are computed
to arrive every year, who afford a productive reve-
nue to the different convents. But this is in a great
measure eaten up by the heavy tax which the differ-
ent orders are obliged to pay the Turks.

One day we were favored with an audience of the
Armenian patriarch. He was seated on a low divan,
in an elegant apartment; and his aspect was noble
and venerable. This fine old man is second only in
rank to the great patriarch who resides in Persia; he
said but little, and that through his interpreter; col-
ors and sweetmeats were handed round,

A grand procession of the three different orders
took place one evening in the church of the Holy
Sepulchre. It was curious to observe the spirit of
vanity and rivalry displayed on this occasion. First
marched the Armenians, nine times slowly round the
tomb, clad in the most splendid dresses; the robe and
tiara of the patriarch was literally loaded with jew-
els. They bore a number of silk flags, of various col-
ors, with scenes from the Scripture represented on
them; and they sang as they moved along, with a
consciousness that they outvied their brethren in
splendor; but the abominable nasal sounds they pro-
duced did not add to its effect. The Greeks suc-
ceeded, with far less magnificence, and little better
singing; but the noble and intelligent expression of
countenance of their dignified ecclesiastics struck us
extremely; they carried bunches of sacred flowers in
their hands, which the poor pilgrims grasped at most
anxiously, to carry, even when withered, to their dis-
tant homes. The fine and solemn chanting of the
Franciscans, who came last, completely redeemed
their dirty habits, coarse ropes, and shaven crowns.

One day as Mr. G. was walking without the city,
he perceived my old fellow traveller in Egypt, Mr.
W., who had come to reclaim his countrymen, the
Jews, sitting forlorn at the gate of Bethlehem; but
he sprang up with rapture as soon as he saw him, for
his spirit was sad and desolate, he said, to find him-
self in his own fallen country, and surrounded by
strangers. He was so fortunate, by means of an ex-
cellent letter of introduction, as to find a home in the
Armenian convent, where he had a luxurious apart-
ment, and the society of some intelligent fathers. He
was an excellent linguist, but had been nearly starved
by the monks of Antoura, a convent on Mount Le-
banon, where he went to perfect himself in the Ara-
bic, and who allowed him only a couple of eggs a day,
with bread, to subsist on. He had an audience in a
few days of the Turkish governor, who received kindly
from him a Persian copy of the New Testament.
It will be found that the Turks in general possess far
more tolerance of opinion and practice than we give
them credit for. I have heard many of them observe
that good men of all religions will be received into
Paradise; and in all the cities of their dominions are
to be found churches and convents of every Chris-
tian sect, enjoying perfect freedom of worship, and
protection from insult in their rites and ceremonies.
But the conduct of the Christians of Jerusalem towards
each other, and the bitter hatred they mutually man-
ifest, are sufficient to give the Musselman a contempti-
ble opinion of Christianity. About five years ago a
furious scuffle took place around the Holy Sepulchre;
the time for the Catholic priest's stay in the tomb
being expired, the Greek brother came to occupy his
place, as they take this duty in turn. The Catholic
refused to quit it, when a warm altercation ensued,
and the Franciscan struck the other a violent blow
on the head with the vase of holy incense. At sight
of his blood flowing, the Greek cried out loudly; and
the fathers of each church running in, the contest be-
came general, and was only allayed by the superior.
Even during the time of Easter, knives have been
drawn and wounds given in the church, by the zealous
of the different orders. It is said that the Turk-
ish guard at the entrance sometimes beat and abuse
the pilgrims; but this can only be on occasion of
their noisy and riotous entrance.

I have seen well-dressed Turks looking on at the
procession in the church with perfect quietness and
secrecy. The Armenian patriarch one day sent Mr.
W. a present of a large goat and a loaf of sugar, and
we found him very much at a loss what to do with
the former; but as it was evident his highness, though
keeping strict Lent himself, and his flock, intended it
to be eaten, we advised him to have it killed and
dressed for dinner. The next day the goat made its
appearance in soup, and in half a dozen steaks and
ragouts besides; and, but that the patriarch had
sent some excellent wine, it would have been difficult
to get through the banquet. One of the fathers, a
middle-aged man, and interpreter to the patriarch,
was already on very intimate terms with Mr. W. and
in high estimation, but he would not share in this re-
past in his own convent. Father Paolo Titlungi,
having tried one or two paths before, had at last be-
come an Armenian, and was a complete specimen of
a clever, worldly, and designing monk. He listened
with an appearance of deep interest to the earnest
discourses the stranger addressed to him, wept occa-
sionally, saw clearly into the iniquities of his past
life, till at last no one, in his own, and his new friend's
opinion, could be so proper to be at the head of an
Armenian establishment, to be founded in some part
of Italy, and for which funds were to be raised in
England. We invited him to dine with us at the
convent one day with Mr. W. A late traveller
has dwelt with some admiration on the excessive
strictness of the Armenian priests in Jerusalem dur-
ing the time of Lent. If Father P.'s observations
about his brethren are to be believed, there is a good
deal of room for scepticism on the subject. It was
Lent, however, and we doubted if we had any thing
for our guest to eat. But Father Titlungi always
refusing each offer at first, contrived to eat heartily
of every dish on the table, and the wine also was not
spared; and in the cool of the evening as he walked
on the terraced roof, the good father could not refrain
from singing a song.

We rode yesterday, accompanied by Antonio, the
young Catholic guide, to Bethlehem, a distance of
about six miles. The way led over a barren plain
for some distance, till we arrived at the monastery of
St. Elias. Bethlehem soon came in view, on the
brow of a rocky hill, whose sides and feet are partial-
ly covered with olive trees. On the right, about a
mile from the village, is shown the tomb of Rachel;
it has all the appearance of one of those tombs erect-
ed often to the memory of a Turkish sultan. After
dining very frugally at the Franciscan convent, it
being Lent, we visited the church built by the Em-
press Helena; it is large, and supported by several
rows of marble pillars, but has a very naked appear-
ance. Leaving the church, and descending thirteen
stone steps, you are in a place that was formerly the
stable where the Redeemer was born. There is no
violation of consistency in this, as the stables in the
East are now often formed in the same way, beneath
the surface. Its present appearance is that of a grot-
to, as it is hewn out of the rock, the sides of which,
however, are concealed by silk curtains; the roof is
as Nature made it, and the floor paved with fine mar-
ble. A rich altar, where the lamps are ever burning,
is erected over the place where Christ was born, and
the very spot is marked by a large silver star. Di-
rectly opposite to this is another altar, to signify the
place where the Virgin Mary and her child received
the homage of the Magi; and over it is a painting
descriptive of the event. The second visit we paid
to Bethlehem was a few days afterwards; and the
monks being either absorbed in sleep, or in their de-
votions, as we could get no entrance to the convent,

we found our way again to the grotto alone, and re-
mained there without any intrusion. It is of small
size, and not lofty; the glory, formed of marble and
jasper, around the silver star, has a Latin inscription.
In this spot Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Ma-
ry. A narrow passage leads to the study of St. Je-
rome; and not far off is shown his tomb, near to
which tomb are the tombs of St. Paula and another
pious lady. Ascending again, you enter the churches
of the Greek and Armenian orders, but there is nothing
particular in either. About a mile down the valley to-
wards the wilderness, is the field where the shepherds
kept watch by night, when the angels announced the
birth of our Lord. Two fine and venerable trees stand
in the centre, and the earth around was thickly cov-
ered with flowers. It is so sweet and romantic a spot,
and so well suited to the scene of that high event,
that it would be painful to admit a doubt of its iden-
tity. At Bethlehem are sold the beautiful shells of
mother of pearl, brought from the shores of the Red
Sea; the surface is carved with various designs of
the last supper and the crucifixion, by the inhabitants
of the village; and they are purchased by the pil-
grims. Small roses also cut out of the shells, are
carved in the same way. The village contains
about seven hundred inhabitants, who appear to
live very meanly. At some distance from Bethle-
hem, and in rather a desolate spot, are the cisterns or
reservoirs formed by Solomon to supply Jerusalem
with water. They are three in number, and rise up
the hill over each other, so that the water flows down
in a full stream from the highest, and descends from
the lower one into the valley, and thence, assisted by
a small aqueduct, passes by a course of seven miles,
into the city, which it enters immediately by a sub-
terranean passage.

These cisterns are sustained by strong buttresses,
and are of various sizes; the lower one being above six
hundred feet in length; they are evidently of the
highest antiquity, and stand at present very much in
need of repair. The spring that supplies them is not
far off, and issues some feet below the ground. From
hence to Hebron is a distance of seven hours; it is a
large town; and a Turkish mosque is built over the
cave where Abraham and Isaac were interred; but it
is scarcely possible to obtain admission into the
mosque. We repeated afterwards not having visited
this town, the most ancient in the Land of Promise.

It was easy to perceive, in the condition of the
monks, that the habit of residing constantly about the
sacred places took away all their novelty; they go
over the detail as heartlessly as if attending an exhibi-
tion. Father Giuseppe complained bitterly of his
having been obliged to sing and pray for three months
together in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, for the
priests must take this duty in turn; and during the
time, soon after dawn, of the celebration of high mass
in the tomb of the Virgin Mary, one of the priests en-
tered into a gay conversation, asserting that every man
should be indulged with a couple of wives. The effect
on them at last, perhaps, of relics, chants, and
holy places, is similar to that produced on the old
monk, by the sacred territory of Mount Sinai; who
said that for seventy years he had seen little but pre-
cipices, sand and sky.

We returned to Jerusalem in the evening. Having
sent to the governor for permission to visit the Dead
Sea, accompanied by a guard, he refused it very civil-
ly, but decidedly. In the present disturbed state of
the country, he said the Pacha of Acre's troops
were besieging Naplous, only nine hours distant, and
the roads were infested by stragglers from the armies,
he could not be responsible for our safety; and we
must wait for more peaceable days.

The places within the walls of the city, which
tradition would render sacred, are innumerable. Be-
neath the gate of Bethlehem is shown the spot where
Bathsheba was bathing when the king beheld her
from the roof of his palace, and the present tower of
David is built on the side of the ancient edifice.

A small distance within the gate of St. Stephen that
fronts Olivet, is the pool of Bethesda; it is deep and
dry, the sides and bottom overgrown with grass, and
containing two or three trees.
A wretched street leads from this to the Governor's
palace, a spacious and rather ruinous building, of Ro-
man architecture; it contains some good apartments,
the windows of which command an excellent view of
the mosque of Omar, and its large area. In the pal-
ace, the monks point out the room where Christ was
confined before his trial; and, at a short distance, is a
dark and ruinous hall, shown as the judgment-hall of
Pilate—a little further on is the arch where the Re-
deemer stood, as his judge exclaimed, "Behold the
man." You then proceed along the street where
Christ bore his cross; in which, and in the street lead-
ing up to Calvary, are the three places, where, stag-
gering under the weight, he fell. These are marked
by three small pillars, laid flat on the ground. The
very house of the rich man, also, is here, and the
spot where Lazarus sat at his gate. Our faith had
been on the wane long before we had accomplished
the tour of all these places; for on what authority,
save that of the priesthood, can they possibly rest;
since the ancient city was so completely levelled by
Titus? We were invited one evening to join a pro-
cession of the Franciscans, in a solemn visit to the sa-
cred spots within the church of the Sepulchre. They
were clad in white vestments, and carried each a
long wax taper, one of which was given into our
hands. The service was very impressive, and the
chanting fine. At every place rendered holy by tra-
dition, they knelt for sometime, till they entered into
the chapel where Helena was interred, and then de-
scended into the vault where the cross was found. The
interior of the church of the Sepulchre is of great ex-
tent, as it contains, besides the sacred places, the
chapels of the Franciscan, Greek, and Armenian or-
ders. The first are losing ground before the aspiring
and intriguing spirit of the two other bodies. The
Greek chapel is extremely rich, but has two great
profusions of ornaments. The whole of Mount Cal-
vary, and the lower ground about it, is enclosed within
the "sacred church," and surrounded without by a
large dome of a dark color, which, from its conspicu-
ous situation, is visible in almost every view of the
city. They performed, in the Catholic chapel, one
morning, a disgusting and revolting ceremony. A
young man was brought forth, meagrely clad, and of a
stout make, and a large cross being laid on his
shoulders, he walked slowly round, followed by a
number of people. He put on a sad countenance,
and seemed to bend and faint beneath the burden of
the cross; and at every pause he made, there was a
wailing and sobbing among the people; they at times
knelt down, a monk prayed or chanted in a mournful
tone, in which they all joined; and thus the cere-
mony lasted for some time.

It is beautiful to turn from such scenes to others,
where the faith is confirmed, and the imagination de-
lighted. Such is the fountain of Siloam; it rises
about half-way down Mount Zion, and gushes from
beneath a little arch, nearly ten feet below the sur-
face, into a small pool, about two feet deep. This is
quite open, and the rocky sides of the spot are cut
smooth; on the south side a flight of steps leads
down to it; the water is clear and cool, and flows
down the mountain into the valley beneath, to a consi-
derable distance. At this stream the women of the
city generally come to wash their linen, and its banks
are in some parts shaded with trees. On a pleasant
spot here, a poor Turk had brought his little coffee-
shed, his pipes, and bread to refresh the passenger.
Down this romantic valley, watered by the stream
from Siloam, was my favorite walk; at the head of it,
the valleys of Hinnom and Jehonathat meet, and the
winds between rugged and desolate hills towards the
wilderness of St. Saba. It was frequented by few.

One evening, I observed two poor Turks, who were
returning to their homes: the hour of prayer being
come, they quitted the path, and crossing the stream,
knelt down side by side on its banks, in deep and si-
lent devotion. It was infinitely striking; and if
weighed in the balance with the vain processions and
vile ceremonies in the ill-fated city, which would be
lightest in the account? To the north of the town,
and not very far from the walls, is the magnificent
cavern, called that of the prophet Jeremiah. Here,
it is said, he retired to pour forth his lamentations.
As far as size, gloominess, and grandeur go, it well
merits its appellation; it is held in no small regard,
as the key of the gate is carefully kept. No spot
could have been more suitable to the utterance of the
voice against the devoted city, and the mournful and
impassioned feelings of the inspired prophet.

The pilgrim, however, who comes to the city, must
set no bounds to his faith, as he is shown the place
where the head of Adam was found, the rock on
which the martyr Stephen was stoned, and the place
of the withered fig-tree; with the milk of the Virgin
Mary, and some of the tears that St. Peter wept in
his bitter repentance. Beneath a large spreading tree
down the valley, where the soil is rather elevated, is
the place where the prophet Isaiah was sawed asun-
der. Among the pilgrims was a Serbian and his wife,
who had come a great distance from their own coun-
try to visit the Sepulchre. This poor man was so on-
raptured at what he saw, that he gave forty pounds,
great part, no doubt, of his property, as a present to
the convent. An Armenian, a man of property, died
about this time, in the convent: the monks, as is the
custom, took possession of all he had with him, and
turned his poor servant out, without even paying him
the wages due from his master. A curious instance
was related to us as of the uncertainty of regarding too
highly many of the spots pointed out as sacred, by a
gentleman whose travels brought him to this city about
this time. He had gone to the summit of Calvary;
and his mind being deeply affected with the solemnity
of the scene, he knelt down where the hole of the
true cross was pointed out to him, and though no wor-
shipper of that, yet it served to bring vividly to re-
membrance all that had passed around. But in the
midst of his beautiful reverie and blissful feelings, he
was suddenly startled by the guide Antonio clapping
him on the shoulder, with "Signor, Signor, this is not
the true hole, it is farther on." In an instant every
solemn feeling was put to flight, and the charm irre-
parably broken.

From the Buffalo Emportum.

JONATHAN'S WEDDING.

MISTUR PRINTER—Sum big feelin fillers may laf
about this pece, and say it ant spelt rite—but I gess
how you wont find one word in this but what is spelt
rite. Well, I spose you hant found out how I am got
married, so I'll be darn'd if I wont tell you all about it.
Nance Trulor, who lives close by my dad's, just
over the brook, cross the swamp, cum to our house
one day when I was goin to train, and talk'd to me
about being married. Gosh! thinks I, what's that? but
arter I thot a little about it, I thinks I, to mi self, Dad
got married, and Mum got married, and our Polk got
married, and I'll get married tu! So I sat Dad if I
mite git married; and he made a great mouth and scoul-
ed up his face and said he didn't care nothing about
it; so I told Nance how that I liked her best of any
bode; and if she'll have me, then I'll have her; so
we agreed on the day, and so I spoke to squire Tie-not
to cum and marry us. I wanted to pay him in work,
but he said he drother have beans arter harvest, and I
thot twant best to lose the chance.

Well, such a darned set of boys and gals I never
seen afore; and when the Squire told us to get up, I
be darn'd if I didn't blush behind the ear, as the saying
is! What he said I cant tell I was so dumb scared—
but it was something about having one another for
better and wos. How he told it over, I cant remem-
bur—but you kno I am always making varsis, and I
beve twas sum like this:

You both now agree, as you have hold of hand,
Nance tu be wome, and Jonathan man;
I tu raise corn, and she Jonny-cakes make,
Each other to like, and all others forsake.

I got a swamin bunch of whiskey, and mother
sade we might put in jest as much maple sugar and
lasses as we was a mind to; and uncle Whitlows rife
balls wadent a few round quicker! By nip, I wonder
they hadent all got drunk!

The gals got as gild a supper as ever a codfish laid
his leg over and arter a while they all went home—
that nite Sal Towarn gin John Jehu the mitter; she
said as how John shud not go him with her. I gess
she must to catch'd the Squire; but the Squire con-
fident walk a crack, as the saying is, and so I had
sum alone, by Gually! I John said he didn't care one
cent about it, and went him with Moll Trudge-along,
and dad says he gesses how twell be a match. Now
thinks I to myself, as its the fashion to have marriages
printed, I should be glad as a dog with tri tales, to
have mine put in; and if you can afford to do it, I and
my wife, and dad, uncle Tom, and ant Pat, and all our
folks would be glad to read it, for they toll me your
paper goes a great many miles. When you cum this
way, dont forget to stop; if as how I should not be
at home, jest tell Nance yours the printer and you
shall have the best the house affords. So guld we!

YOUNG JONATHAN.

April 30, 1925.

An Irishman went one day into an eating house, as I
asked what was the charge for dinner. "Fifty cents
pence," was the reply. "And what for supper?"
"A shilling." "Well," replied Pat, "I'll just take
supper."

A deaf woman observed a sailor going by her door,
and supposing it to be her son Billy—cried out to him
"Gilly, where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied
in a contemptuous manner, "gone to the d—l for
what I know." "Well, as you are going that way,"
said the old woman, "I wish you would just let
down the bars."

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1835.

The Court of Common Pleas for this County will commence at the Court-House, in this Village, on Tuesday next.

A Court of Probate will be holden at the Probate Office, on the same day.

[As we have published a number of communications on the "slave trade" and have also copied several pieces on the "right of search," we now think it proper to publish the following extract from the *National Journal*, a well conducted and candid paper, published in the City of Washington. In giving a history of the last Congress and while speaking of the Convention for the suppression of Slavery, as mentioned by the President in his Message to Congress, it says:]

"The President next touched upon the fate of the Convention between Great-Britain and the United States, for the suppression of the Slave-Trade, and regretted that it had not been carried into effect. Our readers have had an opportunity of being well acquainted with the nature of that instrument. The Executive had been in favor of it. A large portion of the Senate also approved of it. But there was not the constitutional majority to give the whole of its stipulations validity. A limitation of time was insisted on for its existence; and the adjacent seas were excepted from its operation. The seizure of American citizens, and British subjects, on board the vessels of other powers engaged in the slave-trade, having been stipulated for, was considered objectionable, and the clause expunged. Great-Britain would not accept the Convention with these alterations. It was formed in London, and had been ratified there, previously to its being sent to the United States; and the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs rather reproached our government for its failure to ratify, after the treaty had been concluded with a full power, and in pursuance of instructions. The ostensible difference between the President and Senate was this: The former considered that the Slave-Trade, having been declared Piracy by acts of Congress and of the British Parliament, the visiting of vessels engaged in that odious traffic, by the ships of war of each party, for the purpose of securing and punishing the guilty, by the sentence of the judicial tribunals of their respective countries, acting under their own laws, would effectually take the case out of the question of the right of Search, which is a belligerent right, and from the abuse of which, during the wars of the French Revolution, our flag and seamen had so greatly suffered. A number of the Senators maintained a contrary opinion. They insisted, that, however modified, it was still an exercise of the right of Search; and so much the worse, as it was to be effectual in a period of peace. It would, they said, be abused by British officers, and lead to altercations between the two countries. There is reason for believing that there was sincerity on both sides. The President, undoubtedly, was in earnest. He was deeply impressed with the humanity of the object; and he trusted to the capacity of the United States to protect themselves from imposition. In the Senate, there was probably some hostility to the convention from feelings produced by the controversy for the Presidency. But the subsequent rejection of a similar Convention with the Republic of Colombia, evinces that real sentiments of opposition to such a treaty existed among many of the Senators; and conceiving them to have been genuinely entertained, we are bound to respect them. It is only hypocrisy and false pretences that are to be condemned on these occasions. President Monroe informed Congress that he had come to a determination to suspend the conclusion of a new Convention, until the definitive sentiments of Congress could be ascertained; and there the matter was permitted to rest."

Hon. MARK L. HILL. It appears that this gentleman has got to undergo some little scrutiny, in relation to his conduct during the late war, as stated in a pamphlet of "disclosures," published a few months since. Hon. Ezekiel Whitman, Hon. Ashur Ware and Hon. William Burleigh have been appointed by the President of the U. S. to make the necessary investigation.

At a recent Squirrel Hunt in this town, the following number of Quadrupeds were killed:

Squirrels,	466	Bobolinks,	74	Woodchucks,	49
Woodpeckers,	48	Pigeons,	64	Owls,	4
Crows,	36	Woodcocks,	23	Snails,	12
Foxes,	7	Flarks,	10	Partridge,	1

Whole Number.....791.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.—The New-England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced its session at Leechmore Point, Cambridge, (Mass.) yesterday. Bishops Soule, Heddling and George attend.

SOMETHING NEW.—A Printer at the South has issued a prospectus for a paper, in which not a word is to be said about "love or murder." We should think that, in this dearth of news, it would be very hard for an Editor to fill a paper without these most important items.

A CARD.

Mr. BROWN—Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to present my thanks to the friends of Norway, who have so generously patronized my respective schools.

While I make this general acknowledgment for past favors, I cannot do justice to my feel-

ings without singling out the names of *Lari Whitman, Esq. Rev. Joseph Walker and Dr. Asa Danforth*, who, while I was a stranger among strangers, without experience in the art of teaching, and with but a small portion of this world's goods, so kindly examined my pretensions, and recommended me to their fellow-citizens: thereby enabling me to acquire a reputation as an instructor, and a respectable subsistence.

Hoping I have, in their opinion, redeemed the pledge given, and that my efforts will be attributed to the head and not to the heart, I beg of my patrons, whom I am about leaving, to accept of my best wishes for their prosperity.

With respect, I am their and your obedient servant.
B. C. FERNALD.
Norway Village, May 27, 1835.

*In January, 1834.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

THOMASTOWN, May 31.

On Friday last, a man by the name of *William Ellis*, was taken up at the Exhibition of the Caravan of Animals, in this town, for robbing Mr. James Miller, of Lincolnville, of his pocket-book. The circumstances attending his detection were these:—A gentleman in the crowd felt some one behind him at work, as he supposed, at his pocket. He put his hand behind him and found that the fellow had found his way to an inside pocket and was apparently endeavoring to possess himself of its contents. A short time afterwards he was admonishing some persons near him to secure their pocket-books; when Mr. Miller felt for his and found that it was gone. They immediately sought out and recognised the fellow before mentioned. He denied the charge of having taken it, but while resisting an attempt to search him, the pocket-book missing was seen to fall from his hand upon the ground. He was taken before a magistrate for examination, by whom he was ordered to recognise in the sum of \$200, with sureties, for his appearance at the S. J. Court, to be holden at Wiscasset, in September next.—Not being able to find sureties he was committed to the county gaol, to await his trial.

Ellis, it appears, is a convict from the State Prison, having been at hard labor about two years for breaking and entering a store in Portland. The term of his imprisonment expired two or three months ago, since which time he has been employed by the Warden, who had more confidence in him than this recent act of his would seem to justify. He is a very ingenious mechanic, acquainted with the several branches of Smithery, and was found very serviceable in that business at the prison.—*Reg.*

Caution to the Public.—There are in circulation, in this vicinity, and in the Eastern country, spurious bills on the Bank at Rutland, Vt. This bank has been recently established, and had issued no bills as late as the 15th of May, of course all bills of a previous date are not genuine. The bills in circulation have a good appearance. Some of them purport to have been issued in April, to be on the Green Mountain Bank, at Rutland, Vt. and to have been signed by Sam'l. Well, Cashier, and O. Huntington, President. The signatures of the true bills will be, Wm. Page, Cashier, and Robert Temple, President.—*Boston Gaz.*

Mr. Rush has accepted the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury and is expected to return home in the course of next month. Mr. King is about embarking at New-York to supply his place.

John C. Symmes.—The Hamilton Advertiser, (published in Ohio) of the 5th inst. says, that their fellow-citizen, Col. John C. Symmes, has accepted of the offer of the Emperor of Russia, made through Count Romanzoff, inviting him to join in a North Polar expedition, under the patronage of that enlightened monarch.

A public dinner has been given to the Hon. William H. Crawford, at Lexington. Mr. Crawford gave the following volunteer toast:

"The Administration.—Let it be judged by its measures."

A barn in Charles-street, Boston, with its contents, including six horses, was entirely consumed by fire on Thursday night last. The Boston Patriot says, that \$1500 (exceeding the value of the property burnt) was insured on the barn.

The dwelling house of Mr. Adin Parmelee, of North-Killingworth, Conn. was consumed by fire on the night of the 13th ult. together with almost every article of clothing, provisions, &c. Mr. Parmelee was badly hurt in rescuing two of his children from the flames.

Imposture.—The following article is from the *Vermont Gazette*, and as the State of Maine is periodically infested with the like nuisance, the republication of it may be beneficial to some of our readers. With regard to subscribing for books, the only safe rule is to refuse to subscribe for the publication of *old* works, like those mentioned in the article below, and not to subscribe for new works on the credit of the stories of the 'pedler' or other person who holds the paper, nor without other authentic information respecting the merits of the work and its price. By acting uniformly upon this rule 'imposture' will be discouraged and really valuable works duly patronized.—*Nat. Gaz.*

There has lately been a man in this vicinity, obtaining subscribers for Books, to be delivered in numbers. Perhaps the public are not aware of the imposition thus practising upon them.—That Pedler has generally affirmed, in the most positive manner, that those books cannot be ob-

tained so cheap in any other part of the country as he offers them; and to induce people to subscribe, he has often said, if they could be obtained cheaper, he would forfeit the books.

Now, Mr. Editor, I consider the public entitled to the following statement of facts. Walker, the publisher of these books in Boston, though he makes, I believe, a larger profit on them than is made on almost any other books published in the country, sells the numbers at 7 cents each. The pedler sells them at 12 1-2 cents per No. Consequently, on every copy of Brown's Bible, containing 160 Nos. he makes the enormous profit of \$8.85; on every copy of Josephus, containing 95 Nos. his profit is \$5.22; on every copy of Rollin's History, containing 112 Nos. his profit is \$6.16.

This imposition has been practised to a great extent in our country, on those who are unacquainted with the prices of books; and I am glad to see the Boston, Albany, Troy, and some other papers, exposing it, and cautioning the people to be on their guard. The measures taken in this region for obtaining subscribers, have been so fraudulent and dishonest, that I am fully persuaded, no subscriber could be compelled to take the books. The common retail price of the same edition of these books, complete, and well bound is from 25 to 30 per cent. less than subscribers for the Nos. have to pay for them.

Manchester, April, 1835.

STEALING FROM THE MAIL. A man by the name of Stewart, employed as a clerk in the Post-Office, in Montgomery, (Alabama,) while assisting in distributing the Eastern mail, stole from the Mobile package one or more letters, containing a large sum of money in post notes. The next day, Stewart having offered a post note not endorsed, in payment for goods, it excited suspicion of the theft. Before measures were taken, however, to apprehend him, he had purchased a horse, and left town late in the evening. Many of the citizens immediately started in pursuit of him on the different roads leading from town. As all the water courses were high, it was thought he could not get far. He was overtaken about 10 o'clock at night by Messrs. Daniel Carpenter and Barent Dubois, about four miles from the place, in a house where he had taken shelter from the rain.—On hearing Mr. Carpenter inquiring for him, he took to a swamp contiguous to the house, from which he was driven by dogs, and secured, and is now safely lodged in the jail of the county. He gave up \$9,900 in post notes, on the New-York banks, and it is presumed the letter or letters were addressed to Samuel St. John, Jr. of Mobile, as the notes were made payable to him.

A very unfortunate accident occurred in this city yesterday. As the Mail Stage from Baltimore was about to descend the Capitol Hill, the driver being unable to hold them in, they dashed down the road towards the Avenue, but were going too rapidly to be turned into it. They ran across towards Maryland Avenue, where the Stage ran off the road, upset, and was smashed literally to atoms. There were, we believe, six passengers besides the driver, most of whom were more or less injured, but some of them severely. The driver, Mr. Bell, a worthy man, is supposed to have been most hurt, having his arm, thigh and leg or ankle, shockingly fractured, besides other injuries. Mr. Hathway, of Vermont, an entire stranger here, had his arm broken, and was otherwise hurt. Mr. B. O. Tyler of this city, (who had the bad luck to have got out at the door of his own dwelling, but afterwards re-mounted to go down to his office,) was also much injured. The Messenger who has arrived from Colombia, with the ratification by that government of the Treaty with the United States, was also in the Stage, and slightly hurt. It is hoped that none of the lives of the hurt persons are in danger.

Of two persons who escaped unhurt, one had been pursued by the other on a charge of theft, and when the accident happened, was arrested and carried before a magistrate, by whom, we understand, he was committed to prison.

National Intelligencer.

We mentioned in our Gazette of yesterday, the return of the Hon. Mr. Anderson, our Minister to the Colombian Republic. We believe he revisits his native country, on a short leave of absence from his post. Though the climate of Colombia is considered as healthy as the tropics generally are, to an inhabitant of the U. States, yet a continued residence in those latitudes, frequently has an unfavorable influence on the constitution of a North American. The deleterious effects of that alternate heat and moisture which is so prevalent throughout the West Indies, and on the neighboring continent of South America, is the most formidable enemy our countrymen have to contend with: by it the system often becomes so extremely relaxed, that a visit to the bracing north for as the Colombians call it, "the country of chimneys," is indispensable to a restoration of health. This, we presume, is the principal object of Mr. Anderson's temporary return to the U. States.—*Washington Gaz.*

PETERSBURG, May 17. Fire.—On Thursday night last, a few minutes past 12 o'clock, the cry of fire was sounded in our streets, and the flames were seen bursting through the roof of a large wooden building, in the rear of the lot occupied by Mr. Nathaniel Sedgwick, and near the premises of Mr. John W. Campbell, on Market-street. This house we understand has been used by Mr. Thomas Moss as a place for curing meat, and contained at the time of this occurrence about 1000 lbs. or 150,000 wt. Bacon, entrusted by different individuals to the management of Mr. Moss. The whole, we regret to state, fell a prey to the devouring element, and in consequence of the scarcity of water, (the Petersburg Aqueduct not extending in this direction,) several contiguous buildings, such as stables, smoke houses, &c. were likewise consumed. The total loss is estimated at \$10,000 and upwards; of this amount not a cent was insured.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25.—We are indebted to a friend for the *Buenos Ayres Argos* of the 30th March, and the *Mercantile Gazette* of the same place, of the 24 ult. The General Constituent Congress of the State of La Plata, was still in session at Buenos Ayres and had been particularly occupied with some disorderly proceedings which had occurred in the province of Cordoba, and with respect to which an appeal was made to the Congress. The ex-governor D. Juan Bautista Bustos, at the head of the military force, had been re-elected in an irregular and tumultuous manner, with his connivance. An animated debate took place in the Congress on the mode of

treating the people and General, with regard to such an example of anarchy. We are much gratified with the sound principles and just feelings that were expressed in the debate. The House of Representatives adopted almost unanimously a report from a committee, in which the irregular election is strongly reprobated, the example stigmatized, and a convocation of deputies requested, who should take measures to enforce the laws and obtain another and regular choice. Bustos was also exhorted to relinquish at once an authority which had been conferred in a tumultuary and illegal manner. The province of Mendoza had been disturbed by violence, but tranquillity was restored, and its Legislature was engaged in discussing the form and course of trial for the guilty.

The Legislature of the province of San Juan was about to enact freedom of religious worship.

The news furnished from Chili is the most important. It bears date 20th Feb. The lives of some of the deputies of the Chilean Congress had been attempted by individuals who, when arrested, accused as investigators of the crime, the chief justice of the Supreme Court, also a deputy, and another. The latter were likewise committed to prison, and the country was in a ferment, a number of the leading persons being implicated in schemes of revolution. The Governor represented the state to be in the greatest danger, and requested the Congress to devise means to maintain the public peace. That body immediately assembled and was to decide upon the draft of a law, according to which it would be immediately dissolved; the governor invested with dictatorial power for a month; a legislative committee of seven or nine established; and a new national Congress formed under a system of election to be digested and promulgated by the committee. In the preamble to the law, it is mentioned that the existing Congress could do nothing useful, owing to the "spirit of passion" that the condition of things required energy and celerity in the proceedings of the Executive; these extraordinary powers must therefore be conceded to that branch; and that what was thus necessary could not be managed while there existed a numerous deliberative body, &c.

Nat. Gazette.

A slander case was tried at the District Court of Onachita, (Lo.) on the 13th of April.—Dr. Hamlin, member of the Legislature, *reus* General Hughes. The broadest range of defence was allowed the defendant, and many witnesses were examined. The trial lasted 12 hours, and a verdict was given of \$11,000 for the plaintiff.

Soon after the judgment of Court for \$11,000 was recorded, Dr. Hamlin, the plaintiff, came into Court and voluntarily recorded satisfaction for the whole amount, without having received any part thereof—observing that he did not sue because he wanted Gen. Hughes's money, but to protect an injured reputation; that object having been obtained by the verdict of the jury, he would receive none of the money.

SANDWICH, May 28.—Sharp Shooting.—A Mr. Pease, of Meridith, not long since, having purchased a new gun, went into the field opposite his father's house, placed a mark against a tree, considerably out of the range of the house of Mr. Clifford, and discharged it at the mark. The ball having glanced from some tree or other object, went directly to the house of Mr. Clifford, a distance of 70 or 80 rods, cut the sash of the window, broke the comb in Mrs. Clifford's hair, who was reading a book by the fire, into three pieces, sunk half its thickness into the ceiling, and fell down in sullen silence upon the floor, well satisfied with its penetration; when Mrs. C. took it up and carefully preserved it for its owner.—*Gaz.*

PHILADELPHIA, May 29.

On Wednesday evening, about half past 7 o'clock, during a copious shower of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, the shop of Catherine and Elizabeth, Isaac Fisher, master, lying at Chesnut-street wharf, was struck with lightning. The mast was very much shattered, but her hull remains uninjured, the lightning having passed down over the side of the vessel. The hands were fortunately in the cabin at the time, and escaped unhurt, though they were considerably stunned by the shock.—*Amer. Sentinel.*

During the storm, on Wednesday evening, a colored woman, in passing along Seventh between Market and Arch streets, was instantly killed by lightning. The same flash shattered the axle of a gig near the same place; the horse disengaged himself from the shafts, and he and the driver escaped unhurt.—*Id.*

The daughter of Mr. John Farham, residing in Eleventh street, below Walnut, was very seriously injured by lightning on Wednesday evening, during the storm; several houses in the neighborhood were slightly injured by the electric fluid.—*Id.*

A philosophical reason why a man is dead when he is killed.—A paper in Centerville, Maryland, says, a man in turning a short corner while running his horse on a race, was thrown against the corner of a house, and such was the force of the fall, that the animal faculties of his life were immediately suspended, and in a short time his existence terminated."

From the Salem Messenger, May 25.

A guilty conscience who can bear? It has just fallen to our lot to record the commission of a murder, committed, as will appear, by a husband upon a weak and unoffending wife, in a time of illness—a time when it is natural to suppose that the tender feelings would have been softened in her favor. The name of the unfortunate man is William Sayre, a shoemaker, who says that, while living in Cambridge, between Second and Third streets, in Philadelphia, on the night of the 14th of October, 1810, his wife having been about five weeks in a state of ill health that required attendance and broke his rest, after assisting her into bed, choked her with his hand upon her neck to death! A child of theirs, five years old, was the only other person in the house. No one suspected but what she died a natural death.

Sayre continued to reside in Philadelphia for more than a year, when he enlisted into the army, in which he continued upwards of four years. After leaving the army, he pursued his trade, occasionally travelling from one village to another in the State of New-York and Ca. Ma. till within a few months, ever worried with his foul crime, he came to his brother at Mullica Hill, in Gloucester county, N. J. About ten days previously to his making the confession, he came to another brother's house in this county, remaining there a few days, but finding no where any peace to his troubled breast, he left there with a determination of destroying his own life, but, as it was so late, he wandered along for twenty miles, through this town and over Quintin's bridge, when he encountered a man, a stranger to him, to whom he confessed the horrid deed.

This man took him before Stacy Lloyd, Esq. who, after receiving the confession, committed him to prison. Such is the confession and relation we have gathered from the prisoner, who appears of sane mind, and for an illiterate person, of good understanding; neatly and well dressed for one of his age and occupation, being 45 years old; possesses a countenance inclining to greenishness; but disconsolate, and of small stature.

He says that he had not thought of such a thing five minutes before he committed the awful crime!

that it has ever been to him: never by liquor, that he has never against the laws that establishes one a farmer of fair character that his confession tears, and said in them. If we do the confession; that yet be proof that we learn by his natural death.

On Wednesday, Hail Storm, as we within the room, came from the N. to learn, was a distance of 10 p.m. The hail here, that of a hail, to cover the ground, it is said, generally injures, fully destroyed, blasted the hope, had fairer prospects their labor. It been sustained garden vegetable, is variously county Poor-House. On Friday, had been severe.

ACCIDENT.

Extract of a letter.

"I have just had just arrived, unpleasant news, which I feel, and which I feel, that the Mechanic, sink in about 500,000, and have occurred. Cincinnati should not accept about the preparations, though our own given in other hand them in a."

THE SEA- in relation to the Sea-horse, the Delaware, thetic source, their accuracy, Mrs. Ebermancy, was a instant she cabin, into wrents, there moment she, pitched from darkness, fog, and assailed-ture. She by the rush, hail hold of, buoyed as she. It was after captain's high inches high, against the.

All was still, painful and, had sunk the horrible vision, orange, and, at it and heard a noise, she had a peculiar, of the doctor, hope reviser, her mind hation. S promised most agonizing, touching, the deck, merged in, more certain, over her agonized.

At length, axe was to, dock, and, blessed it, death. Y, perilous a, hand, as, ture. H, ness and, who can, of her h, alive—b, with joy, The ax, about t, the hand, the body, gave the, was pre, made, a, in the a, the wor.

Jamaica, rectly, ing at, ded to, ment for, India, all nat.

that it has ever been a source of great trouble to him: never out of his mind, except when drowned by liquor, that life has long been a burden to him; that he has never been guilty of any other crimes against the laws of the land; converses with candor, that establishes credit for what he says. His brother, a farmer and the other a shoemaker, are men of fair character; and on mentioning to him the stain of his confession would bring on them, he burst into tears, and said he hoped it might not be thrown up to them. If we doubt any thing he says, it is that of the confession; and we hope for the honor of his relations—for that of our sex and race, that there may yet be proof that the deceased, whose maiden name, we learn by the prisoner, was Rebecca Brown, died a natural death.

CHAMBERSBURG, May 24.
On Wednesday evening last, we were visited by a hail storm, as violent and destructive, as perhaps, any within the recollection of our oldest inhabitants. It came from the West, and as far as we have been able to learn, was about two miles wide, and passed over a distance of 10 or 12 miles before it exhausted its fury. The hail here, were from the size of a musket ball to that of a hulled walnut, and fell in sufficient quantity to cover the ground. In the whole course of this storm, it is said, the rising crops of grain have been generally injured, and on some farms entire fields totally destroyed. Thus in a few minutes have been blasted the hopes of many farmers, who never perhaps had fairer prospects of reaping a plentiful reward for their labor. In this borough considerable loss has been sustained by the destruction of window glass and garden vegetables—the number of panes of glass broken is variously estimated at from 12 to 20,000—in the county Poor-House, upwards of 500 panes were broken. On Friday morning past, a mass of the hail which had been swept into heaps, were still to be seen.

ACCIDENT TO GEN. LAFAYETTE.
Extract of a letter to the *Postmaster in Philadelphia*, dated *Pittsburg, May 23*.

"I have just received a letter from the postmaster at Wheeling, stating that two or three steam boats had just arrived from the Falls of Ohio, bringing the unpleasant news of the loss of the steam boat *Mechanic* which had nearly proved fatal to the nation's friend and guest, General LAFAYETTE. The accident, says that about 150 miles below Louisville, the *Mechanic* ran foul of a snag, which caused her to sink in about fifteen minutes, and that some of the passengers saved themselves only by swimming. The General has lost all his papers and baggage, together with his private carriage. He saved nothing but one or two trunks; among other articles lost, was the cane which belonged to his early friend the immortal WASHINGTON, and which General LAFAYETTE had lately received as a present. This disaster must have occurred about the 10th inst. The citizens of Cincinnati looked for his arrival on the 13th, and should no accident befall him, we expect him here about the thirtieth. We have been making great preparations to receive this welcome visitor, and though our entertainment may not be so costly as given in other places, we trust, we shall not be behind them in good feeling towards him.

THE SEA-HORSE.—The following particulars in relation to the escape of Mrs. Eberman when the Sea-horse was suddenly upset in a squall in the Delaware Bay, we have from the most authentic source, and can therefore vouch for their accuracy. When the vessel was upset, Mrs. Eberman, far advanced in a state of pregnancy, was lying sea-sick on her bed. In an instant she was cast out of her berth into the cabin, into which the sea was pouring in torrents, through the window and skylight. In a moment she was, from she knew not what cause, pitched from her berth, and amidst midnight darkness, found herself floating in the water and assailed on all sides by the drifting furniture. She heard no sounds but those caused by the rushing and dashing of the waters—she held hold of the side of the berth into which, moved as she was by the water, she scrambled. It was afterwards ascertained that this was the captain's berth and fortunately it was a few inches higher than any other in the ship.

In this berth Mrs. Eberman sat with her head against the deck, and up to her neck in water. All was silent and dark—her sensations were painful and confused—she supposed the vessel had sunk to the bottom of the bay. In this horrible situation, buried alive, she grasped an orange, which was floating in the cabin; she ate it and it greatly refreshed her. She now heard a noise over head, and with a cane which she had caught in the water, she struck perpendicularly over her, against the under side of the deck. She was answered by voices; hope revived, she breathed more freely, and her mind became more alive to her actual situation. She heard the sound of the axe; it promised her deliverance, but it created the most agonizing apprehensions. Her head was touching, was pressed against the under side of the deck, and there it must remain or be submerged in water: every stroke of the axe, more certainly assured her, that it fell directly over her head—these were among her most agonizing moments.

At length a chip, about the length of the axe was taken out from the lower side of the deck, and the light of Heaven again shed its blessed influence on the suffering mortal beneath. With the eagerness appertaining to so perilous a situation, Mrs. Eberman pushed her hand, as far as it would go, through the aperture. Her husband, with a husband's anxiousness and love, was on the outside of the vessel; who can tell his feelings when the appearance of her hand assured him she was yet sensibly alive—but his heart had scarcely time to beat with joy, before it was collapsed with horror. The axe of the workman was uplifted and about to descend with its sharpest edge, upon the hand of the wife—it would sever it from the body—it was happily arrested before it gave the fatal blow. Let us be brief—a saw was procured, a hole sufficiently large was made, and Mrs. Eberman was once again folded in the arms of her husband, and restored to the world.—[*Democratic Press*.]

Jamaica papers to the 20th ult. have been received at Charleston. A memorial was circulating at Kingston for signatures, which is intended to be submitted to his Majesty's Government for opening the ports of the British West-India Islands generally, to goods and vessels of all nations.

The Cuba Project.—A well informed correspondent, in a letter to us, written with a view to correct erroneous reports, furnishes some particulars in relation to the project for invading Cuba, of a new complexion to most of our readers. He says that St. Anna, who issued the recent proclamation in Yucatan for the invasion of Cuba, is by the Mexican government, considered in a state little short of outlawry, and that nothing but the extreme forbearance of that government has withheld merited punishment for certain acts of disobedience. As to the idea of Bolivia's being associated in the invasion of Cuba with St. Anna, our correspondent has strong reasons (which it is not our object at present to state) for believing it is equally a misrepresentation.

The information which the intelligence gave, about the recall of St. Anna's expedition, in consequence of additional troops reaching Havana, is equally incorrect, as St. Anna was never authorized by the government of Mexico to undertake the expedition. *Wash. Gaz.*

NEW-YORK, May 26.—Latest from the *Pacific*.—A gentleman, who arrived here yesterday in the *sch. Franklin*, from Chagres and Lima, has furnished us with Guayaquil papers to March 19, and Lima government gazettes to March 10th. We are also indebted to him for commercial and ship news from the Pacific, which we publish to day.

More than 5000 bbls. of flour were in Lima, and no sales. The crop in Chili is very abundant, and wheat had been contracted for, deliverable in Valparaiso at 6 rials per fanega.

The following facts we have obtained from a perusal of the latest papers.

We are informed that General Olaneta still holds out in Upper Peru against the Patriots, although the report was current in Lima for the time that he had agreed to the capitulation.

The Supreme Court of Justice was installed at Lima on the 8th of February. Several officers who have deserved well of the country, have been particularly noticed.

The Peruvian Congress opened their session on the 10th of Feb. and decreed that Bolivar should continue to hold the power and title of Dictator until the next session of Congress, which is fixed by the Constitution in the year 1826.

Two members of the Peruvian Congress had arrived at Guayaquil, on their way to Colombia, charged with an important commission.

Gen. Sanchez attacked a body of 800 royalists at Coahuabamba, on the 17th Jan. who were going to join Olaneta, and took many of them and their officers prisoners. Preparations were making to garrison Chuquica and Potosi.

The Congress voted a gift of a million of dollars to Bolivar, which he "twice refused." The Congress then requested him to take it under his charge, and appropriate it to objects of beneficence. From a letter addressed by him to Congress on the 12th of Feb. in which he accepts of the dictatorship again, he says that the interests of the state will call him to Upper Peru, and therefore he shall delegate a part of the supreme power to a council of government, under Lamar as president.

A column of troops, who came out of the castle of Callao on the 16th Feb. were routed by the Patriots, with a loss of 200 killed and many wounded.

Gen. La Paz has returned from La Paz to Oxboro with 2200 men; all the country having risen against him. The army collected under the command of the Gen. in Chief, is moving from Puno to pass the Desaguadero, where it was supposed a victory would be gained without a battle. *D. Adv.*

Advices from Lima to the middle of March are received. Callao still held out, but it was then believed would surrender in a short time.

SUMMARY OF ANCIENT NEWS.
Julius Caesar fought 50 pitched battles and killed one million and a half of men.

Manlius, who threw down the Gauls from the Capitol, had received twenty-three wounds and taken two spoils before he was seventeen years of age.

Dentatus fought 120 battles, was eighty times victorious in single combats, and received forty-five wounds in front.—He had among his trophies, 70 bells, 3 mural, 3 obisoidal and 14 civic crowns.

Cato pleaded four hundred causes, and gained them all.

Cyrus knew the names of all the soldiers of his army; Lucius Scipio of the Roman people.

Chaimides could relate all that he had ever heard in the same words.

Julius Cæsar wrote, read, dictated, and listened to the conversation of his friend at the same time.

A philosopher is mentioned by Pliny who being struck by a stone forgot his Alphabet. A man reputed for his stupidity falling from a horse and being trodden, became very remarkable for the sprightliness of his genius.

The orator Corvinus forgot his own name.

Mithridates spoke to the ambassadors of twenty-two different nations without an interpreter.

Julius Vinator lived to an advanced old age without drinking water, or using any kind of liquid nourishment.

Crassus, grand father of the Triumvir Crassus, who was slain by the Parthians, never laughed. He had on this account the surname of *Agelastes*.

DIED.
In Dixfield, Sarah Jane, daughter of Capt. Eliab Richmond, aged two years and three months.

In Union, Mr. Oliver Pratt, aged 32.

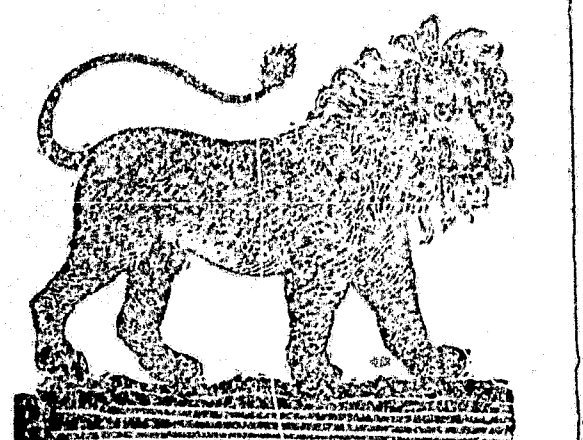
In Farmington, on the 21st ult. Mr. Solomon Hamlin. The deceased was a pupil of the celebrated Thompson, and being troubled with a cold, administered to himself a decoction of lobelia, and red pepper.—The doses were repeated in such quantities as caused his death. He had such entire confidence in these prescriptions that he made his friends promise to continue them after he should become unable to administer them to himself, and enjoined upon them not to call in any other physician, let the result be what it would.

In Liverpool, (Eng.) John Duckworth, Jr. aged 14. He died of hydrophobia, about a month after being bitten by a dog. He was apparently well till within two days of his death.

PILLS, DROPS, OINTMENT, &c.
Just received for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Dean's Rheumatic Pills; Lee's Bilious Pills; Rell's Asthmatic Pills; Rell's Botanical Drops; Anderson's Cough Drops; Imperial Itch-Ointment; Court Plaster, &c. *Paris, June 2.*

NOTICE.
STRAYED from the subscriber, on the first of last May, a very likely two year old red mare COLT. Also, strayed from Eleazer Stevens, of Paris, a one year old deep red horse COLT. Whosoever will give information at this office, or to the subscriber, in Otisfield, shall be handsomely rewarded, and all charges paid. *SIMEON LIBBY.* 40. *June 6, 1825.*

GRAND CARAVAN.



THE public are respectfully informed, that the GRAND CARAVAN of

LIVING ANIMALS,

being the largest that ever travelled the United States, will be exhibited at

Buckfield, Saturday, 11th—Paris, Monday and Tuesday, 13th and 14th—Norway Village, Wednesday, 15th—and at Waterford Flat, Thursday and Friday, 16th and 17th of June instant.

NAMELY:

1st. A FULL GROWN AND LEARNED ELEPHANT;

- 2d. The Great AFRICAN LION;
- 3d. Full grown ARABIAN CAMEL;
- 4th. South American TIGER;
- 5th. Full grown LEOPARD;
- 6th. Young American PANTHER;
- 7th. JACKALL, or Lion's Provider;
- 8th. WILD CAT;
- 9th. BLACK WOLF;
- 10th. Full grown African ribbed-nose BABOON;
- 11th. Famous Dancing MONKEY, from the Island of Borneo;
- 12th. BRAZILIAN WEAZLE;
- 13th. LITTLE JACK, who will go through his numerous feats on the Slack Rope.

WITH A NUMEROUS COLLECTION OF MINOR ANIMALS.

Also—DANDY JACK, the Semi-Equestrian, who has excited the admiration of all who have visited the Grand Caravan, with his unexampled feats of Horsemonkeyship on his small Shetland Pony, for which purpose a ring will be fitted for his performance.

Admittance 25 cents—Children under 12 years half price.

JUST PUBLISHED,
AND for sale at the OXFORD BOOK-STORE,

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS OF

LT. NATHANIEL SEGAR,

Who was taken Prisoner by the Indians and carried to Canada, during the Revolutionary War.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

The following is an extract from the Preface.

"The instances of captivity of inhabitants of this State, by the Indians, and of dreadful sufferings indicated by their cruelty, have been frequent, but the particulars have but rarely been preserved. Mr. Segar's case is the most memorable as being the last, and marking, as a distinct monument, the termination of that long line of barbarities which commenced at the memorable era of Philip's war. That war, as being strictly an Indian war, was more sanguinary in its character than those which followed; for the French, probably from motives of humanity, soon adopted the practice of buying the prisoners and in that way giving a bounty for saving their lives. Hence resulted the habit with the Indians of taking the captives to Canada, where they were commonly treated with great kindness, but endured incredible hardships in their march, from hunger, fatigue, exposure, and anxiety.

The character of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country is a curiosity in the history of human nature, and is falling among the antiquities of moral remains and monuments. The station of the settler, the pioneer of the forest, is also singular and interesting. We are, therefore, persuaded that such accounts as follow are valuable, and that they should be procured with diligence and treasured up with care, as materials for the use of the future historian of the State."

Paris, June 9.

JUST PUBLISHED,
AND for sale at the OXFORD BOOK-STORE, the

AMERICAN PRONOUNCING SPELLING BOOK;

OR

SURE GUIDE TO THE TRUE PRONUNCIATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE;

In which is exhibited a new and perfect ALPHABET, by which the true and accurate Pronunciation of every word is shown; and which, should it ever be adopted for the orthography of the language itself, by throwing out all silent or superfluous letters, will abridge the language about one sixth part; and, besides being a great saving in the expense of books and printing of every description, will require but little more than a perfect knowledge of the alphabet, to read and Pronounce the Language correctly in every particular, and to spell any word on hearing it accurately pronounced.

BY ABNER KNEELAND

Paris, June 2.

CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF MAINE.
Experimental Class No. 3.

\$10,000 Highest Prize.

SCHEME.

1 PRIZE of \$10,000 is \$10,000	
1 PRIZE of 3,000 is 3,000	
2 PRIZES of 1,000 is 2,000	
2 PRIZES of 500 is 1,000	
5 PRIZES of 200 is 1,000	
16 PRIZES of 100 is 1,600	
20 PRIZES of 50 is 1,000	
50 PRIZES of 20 is 1,000	
177 PRIZES of 10 is 1,770	
2726 PRIZES of 5 is 13,630	
3,000	36,000

TICKETS and PARTS in the above Lottery, in a great variety of numbers, for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE.

Present price—Wholes \$4 50, Halves \$2 27 1-2, Quarters \$1 25, Eighths 62 1-2 cents, Sixteenths 37 1-2 cents. *April 21, 1825.*

JUST RECEIVED,

AND for sale at the OXFORD BOOK-STORE,

Lectures on the Doctrine of UNIVERSAL BE-SEVOLENCE. By Abner Kneeland.

The New Testament, translated from the Greek of GRIESEBACH. By Abner Kneeland.

Also—Minutes of a discussion on the question, *Is the punishment of the wicked eternal? or is it only a temporal punishment in this world for their good, and to be succeeded by eternal happiness after death?* Between Rev. A. Kneeland and Rev. W. L. McColla.

Ballou's Treatise on Atonement. Ballou's Review. Rely's Union. Several SERMONS, delivered by different preachers of the denomination called Universalists—&c. &c. *Paris, June 9.*

G. C. LYFORD,

At the Court Street CHEAP STORE, Portland.

HAS RECEIVED his Spring supply of NEW GOODS, which he engages to sell as cheap as ever, excepting FACTORY GOODS, which are some higher than formerly.

AMONG THE NEW GOODS ARE:

150 pieces British and American Calicoes; 50 pieces White Cambrics; 50 pieces plain and figured Muslins; 50 pieces Copperplates, and Furnitures; Canton Crapes; Crape Dresses and Shawls; Valencia and Raw Silk Mantles; figured and checked Cambrics and Muslins; for Dresses; Muslin and Gingham Robes; Furniture and Cambric Dimities; blue and yellow Nankins; Handkerchiefs, such as Flag and Black Silk, Gauze, Barage, Zelia and Fancy colored; London, Valencia, Marcellines and Black Silk Vestings; Parasols; Umbrellas, and Fans; black and slate Worsted Hose; white and colored Cotton Hose; Ribbons, a great variety; Linen Dumasks; Long Lawns; Linen Cambrics; Plaid Silks; Black Silks; black and colored Laventines; Gros de Naples Silk; black and white Satins and Florences; Real Merino Shawls and Mantles; black, white, and green Italian Crapes; black, white, straw, pink and blue Pressed Crapes; British and Sea Island Cottons; Irish Linens; Brown and Black Linens; English Gingham; broad and narrow Black Bombazines; Norwich Crapes; black and white Silk Hose; Beaver and Kid Wash Leather; black and white Silk Gloves; boxes Cat Balls; Sewing Threads; Spool and Floss Cotton; Gimps, Cords, Sewing Silks, Twist, Buttons, Tapes, Pins, Bobbins, &c. &c.

ALSO,

Blue, Black and Mixt Broadcloths and Cassimeres; Cassinets; Sattinets; Nankinets; Jeans; Colored Drilling; Flannels; Sheetings; Shirtings; Stripes; Denims; Bedtickings; Gingshams; Knitting Cottons; LEGHORN BON-NETS, &c. &c.

LIKELIEST,

100 dozen best manufactured Horn Combs; 100 French and American Parasols.

(For Cash only.) *6w 41*
Portland, May 1 1825.

TANNER AND CURRIER WANTED.
WANTED to employ immediately, for a few months, a journeyman, who is a good workman, at the above business.

JOSEPH SHACKLEY.
Norway Village, June 1, 1825.

MACHINE CARDS.
HORACE SEAVEL, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction. (For Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Feb. 15.—1824)

DREAM DICTIONARY.
JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, the new and complete DREAM DICTIONARY, arranged in alphabetical order, to which is added the invaluable secret of KNOWING FUTURE EVENTS, the Charms and Ceremonies—compiled from the most approved authorities, both ancient and modern, by an adept in the science.

J. & F. REMIS

HAVE FOR SALE, a quantity of good PLASTER, CHEAP.
Paris, May 19, 1825.

METHODIST HYMN BOOKS.
JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, HYMN BOOKS, used by the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.
LINES.

Did Theodora's muse my soul inspire,
Low could I sing of morning's grateful charms,
And from her amiable competitor,
Her lovely sister evening, strive to defend
Her paralyzed and half-defeated powers.
I know she scarce requires the feeble aid
Of one so inexperienced and so young,
Nor would my pen attempt it, but I feel
A hat her auxiliary in every heart.
The beauties of the evening all allow.
Here's not a bosom, that expands with life,
Which does not feel the influence of her beams—
Of the soft light which Cynthia casts o'er earth,
Tinging each object with a lustrous pale,
And furnishing a contrast quick perceived
Between itself and the bright blaze of day.
The mind is calmed by the prevailing stillness,
And every warping passion is at rest—
Even the levity of careless youth
Is melted down into a placid silence—
And every brow wears the divine impress
Of serious thought and pensive meditation.
But 'tis not in this hour the mind's resources
Are summoned into action, for evening's gloom
Tends rather to depress the mental powers,
Than call them into life and energy.
No, 'tis when morning dawns upon the world,
And night's dull shades retire at her approach—
When the rejoicing sun disperses rays
Of golden glory over all creation;
'Tis then the intellectual powers expand,
And in full vigor scan the works of God.
Oh! the soul rises on the morning wind
And wings her flight from every thing below—
The sources of our sorrow and our joys
Seem trivial and scarcely worth a thought—
Naught but the social feelings doth survive
The general wreck of all that nature loves.
Evening's the type of death and so is morning
The emblem of a general resurrection.
When the last night approaches all must yield
And quietly submit their mortal frames
To be enveloped in its dreary shades;
But a bright morning shall again arise,
And life restore to all that death had claimed.

OITHON.

REASON AND LOVE.

Once Reason, they say, a lady loved,
And tried every means to get her;
But Reason, alas! he very soon proved
That the lady loved somebody better;
For whenever poor Reason would knock at the
Intending with wisdom to court her,
"Not at home," was the answer forever in store,
From Cupid, her ladyship's porter:
For woman and reason can seldom agree,
So Cupid refused his petition,
My mistress would turn me away, sir, said he,
If Reason once gained an admission.
The lady grew older, but Cupid did not,
He's as young and as fresh as the morning;
So Reason contrived with a sober thought,
To make the poor dame give him warning,
But Cupid, not wishing his post to resign,
Gently rapped in his turn, at the door, sir:
Not at home, sir, quoth Reason, the lady is mine,
So Cupid was heart of no more, sir.
Quoth Reason, I see, is beginning;
But, alas, he soon found that when Cupid was gone
The lady was scarce worth the winning.

THE BARGE'S CREW.

From the London Literary Gazette.
GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Alongside of Joe Henderson pulled Pat Digory, but never was there a more unfortunate sight upon the face of the earth, or rather upon the bosom of the ocean; for, according to the poets, the earth has its face while the ocean has its bosom; or perhaps the ocean is the bosom of the earth—no matter; but, as I was saying, never was there a more unfortunate sight than Pat Digory from the county of Kildare. Pat was cast upon the world before he was much bigger than a Munster Paratee; but, as to how he came into being, who were his parents, or whether he ever had any, could never be discovered. The fact is, he was found one morning sprawling under a gooseberry bush in the little garden at the back of the cottage belonging to the village priest. "Arrah, what luck to sorrow," shrieked Judy Mac Quilgan, as she saw Pat's chubby face and arms stretched out from under an immense cabbage leaf, that concealed the rest of his body. "Bul luck to sorrow any how! Run, Dermot, run and call thy father; for sure St. Patrick has sent him a cherubim from the clouds—swate creature, how it twiddles its oegles; run, Dermot, run." Away stroddled Dermot with all the rapidity of a two penny post, and shortly afterwards down came Father O'Twig. This reverend gentleman was a true son of the Church and as much like his mother as two peas, for in appearance he closely resembled a moving cathedral with a short steeple; and, although a minor canon, there was always a great difficulty in making him go out. Not but that he discharged his duty faithfully and his general report was good, for the father was a kind soul. Down came Father O'Twig, while Judy stood with her hands upraised, shrieking to all the saints in the calendar. "Och botheration," cried the Father, "what's the creature squalling about? Arrah be aisy, and don't make such a habbabo. What's the matter, what's the matter, what's the matter?" "Oh joy to the hour," said Judy, "a sure and hasn't Saint Patrick sent you a beautiful cherubim now?" "Be quiet, Judy," retorted the Father softly, "be aisy, or you'll frighten it away. By my conscience, and a beautiful creature it is, sure—faith, but this is a miracle in kind! Take up the cabbage leaf, and the whole length of Pat was brought to perspective. "Where hee whew," whistled Dermot, "deed an angel is it at all, but a baby, your reverence, a full grown beautiful drollen." "Take it away, take it away," roared Judy; faith, and I've no call to it any how—arrah take your brat away, Dermot. 'Is it mine you mane,' replied Dermot, 'don't make a brat of yourself, jewel, but wrap the darling in your arms and cherish it.' 'Who's child can it be?' asked the Father. 'Where has it come from?' Arrah, Judy, take it up and warm it at the fire and don't stand grubbing with your ten toes there, as modest as—there take it up, I say, for Father O'Twig never yet turned a soul from his doors that hadn't the power to walk away, and he's not going to begin now—arrah, take it in Judy, take it in.' Thus Poor Pat was first ushered into, what shall I say? being—no—into the Father's cottage. Every inquiry was made—the gooseberries were carefully examined—the cabbage was rooted up, and every leaf turned over with the strictest scrutiny, but it left them just as ignorant as ever. Wherever he came from was of little consequence to Pat—he enjoyed the warmth of the peat fire, and lapt the buttermilk like an angel, as Dermot said, while Judy's heart began to molly to towards the infant. Days, months, years rolled away, without the smallest clue being given which could lead to the knowledge of his ancestors; and during this time he grew like a mountain flower luxuriantly wild. But Pat was destined to feel the chilling blast of adversity; for, after having passed eight years under the hospitable roof of his benefactor, and having shared his generous bounty, the worthy Father O'Twig departed this life; and Pat was once more cast abandoned on the world's wide stage, and doomed to roam in scanty poverty. He was obliged to wander from cottage to cottage, and pick up a potatoe wherever he could find it. At last he fell into the power of a tithe-proctor, who employed him in sundry little jobs not at all suited to Pat's ideas, and at the same time, kept him very spare in food. Often did he get thrashed for being hungry, and his back suffered punishment for the faults or misfortunes of his belly. Every mischief was attributed to him. Every morsel that the old cook applied to her own use, Pat was condemned for stealing, and got flogged accordingly. If the children broke the pictures, capsize the buttermilk, or stole the cream, Pat only was blamed. Once he got thrashed because a horse kicked him, and nearly broke his leg. At another time he was severely punished for tumbling out of a hay loft and dislocating his shoulder; till, wearied with his servitude, he bade his master good day, determined to try his luck elsewhere. Cork was his next destination, and having arrived, he was hired to attend a hunter, and both were to be hired by any sea officer who was desirous of a ride from Cove into the town; but they were such scarecrows, it was difficult to tell which had been starved most, or worst used. When Pat first saw the ocean, and the bulwarks of old England proudly skimming o'er the liquid element, his heart began to bound with joy. "Henceforward," said he, my native land shall be the briny wave. Accordingly he entered on board the frigate, and was appointed servant to the purser; but they laughed at and scouted him so much that he soon got sick of the sea, even before he was sea sick. In about three weeks orders came for sailing, and Pat was obliged to hold on the nippers while heaving up the anchor. This he didn't mind, but he couldn't see the use of holding the end of a handful of rope yards, and so he dropt it and ran below to his master. "Why an't you on the main deck, Paddy?" inquired the ship's corporal laying on with his cane, "Why an't you at the messenger, Paddy?" another thump. "What's the matter?" asked the purser—matter, Sir? cries Pat, by my faith, Sir, and I'm tired out with the ship, and every body abuses me. When I first did myself the honor of becoming your servant, and taking you for my master, I was proud of serving a real gentleman, and would do for your honor by night or by day, or all day long, though they call you nip cheese and say you chate them out of their allowance; but I know it's not true, your honor. Well, dis spalpeen (pointing to the ship's corporal) sent me up stairs to get up the anchor, but how, your honor, should I know where to find it? And then I got thrashed for that. They told me it was under the boy (buoy) so I axed every boy in the ship, but they only made game of me, and led me a wild goose chase. And then they said we should soon be under weigh. 'Arrah,' says I, 'what, weigh the ship?' 'To be sure,' says they. 'Och,' says I, 'if they'd land me on the sod,' says I, 'by my conscience, but I'd take care never to be weigh'd in such a pretty pair of scales as this again, and so they made me take hold of a nipper, because they said it was my master's, (your honor's) namesake; and then they stuck ever so many long poles into a barrel on the ground, and began to run round as if they were mad. Oh, your honor, I don't know what to make of it all.' After this, Pat was turned over to the boatswain for two-tail-itchum, I think they call it, and now he got it hot and warm. One day he tumbled overboard, and his master rope's ended him for quitting the ship without leave. Twice he married the gunner's daughter, for thinking too loud that the first lieutenant was groggy; and he'd three morphy diggers, cried the boatswain, 'Is the dinner ready?' 'Faith and it is, Sir,' says Pat, 'only the bafe wants boiling, by token that I forgot to give it to the cook.' 'Well, he'd get thump'd for that.' 'Is the kettle filled for tea?' 'Yes, Sir, I'll engage it is seeing that it lepp'd overboard about two hours ago, and is not come back yet.' 'Have you got my grog?' 'Is it the rum your maneing? Sure and it's I that have got it, for being unable to find a bottle, I whipt it under my jacket, so I did.' 'Where is it then?' 'Arrah, where is it now I howl can you ax sich a thing. Wasn't I a lawd the

purser's steward would chate you, and so to save your allowance, didn't I swallow it whole? But all these honest excuses only brought heavier vengeance upon poor Pat—at last he was sent forward and promoted to the foretop; but even there, while aloft with the cherubs, his evil genius followed him, and his old master, the boatswain, never failed to give him a token of remembrance at least once a day. Being sent aloft on a particular occasion with a couple of foxes, to seize a small block on the top-sail yard arm, he used the first fox, and then made a slip bend and fell overboard. It blowed a gale of wind, and the sea running very high; but the boat was lowered from the quarter, and after some time, succeeded in picking him up, and he was brought aboard almost exhausted, with the remaining fox still in his hand. 'You scoundrel,' cried the captain, 'how came you to be so lubberly as to fall?' Faith, your honor, replied Pat, 'the boatswain's mate told me to let go with my hands, and hold on by my toes, and so I tried it, your honor, but it was only done to deserve me, bad luck to him.' And what are you doing with that fox in your hand? 'Oh, your honor, I took care of dat, for I was afraid the boatswain would thrash me if I left it behind. Och, botheration! but I wouldn't come back without it for all the world.' Well soon after this, as he was grown a fine stout fellow, and the captain, Lord C—, occasionally gave him a couple of dozen at the gangway to stretch his skin a bit, he was made one of the barge's crew, which he said was the happiest day of his life; but oh! and alas! disasters followed him still; for being left boat keeper, towing astern when she had shipped two or three heavy seas, he pulled up the plug from her well to let the water out, and then stretched himself on the aft thwarts to sleep; but contrary to his expectations, the water instead of running out, rushed in, the boat was swamped, and poor Pat found a watery grave. The barge was saved, but Pat was gone forever. AN OLD SAILOR.

SECRETS OF MASONRY.

At an Inn in the west of England, several persons were sitting round the fire, in a large kitchen, through which was a passage to the other apartment of the house, amongst whom were a female traveller and a tailor. At this Inn, a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was held; and it being Lodge night, several of the members passed the company in their way to the room in which they met. This circumstance introduced observations on the occult signs by which Masons could be known to each other; when the female observed, that there was not so much mystery in Masonry as people imagined, and that she herself could show any person a Mason's sign. "What," says the tailor, "that of a free and accepted Mason?" "Yes," she replied, "and I will wager you a half crown bowl of punch, to be decided by any of the members you may please to appoint, that I perform my promise. "Why," says the tailor, "a woman was never admitted, then how is it possible you could procure the secret?" "No matter for that," says she, "I will readily forfeit the half crown, if I do not prove the fact. The company urged the tailor to accept the challenge, and the amount was deposited. The woman immediately started up and took the tailor by the collar, "Come," says she, "follow me," which he did, trembling as he went along, fearing to undergo some part of the discipline in making a Mason, of which he had heard such a dreadful report. She led him into the street, and pointing to a sign of the Lion and Lamb, asked him whose sign it was. The tailor answered, "Mr. Lodger's," the name of the Innkeeper. "Is he a Free Mason?" "Yes," said the tailor. "Then I have shown you the sign of a Free and Accepted Mason." The laugh was so much against the poor tailor, that it was with great difficulty he could be prevailed upon to partake of the liquor, which was forthwith produced at his expense.

An Irishman observing a pair of enormous long-legged stockings hanging in a hostler's window, stepped in and inquired who they were made for—to which the clerk replied, for no-body in particular;—"Arrah, honey," said Pat, "what a long legged fellow that Mr. No-body-in-particular must be!"

A very harmless Irishman eating an apple pie with some quinces in it, "Arrah my dear honey," said he, "if a few of these quinces give such a flavor, how would an apple pie taste made of all quinces?"

Most people acting alike.—A gentleman in Connecticut, of great talents and respectable connections, but who led a graceless, dissipated life, was travelling with a small party, the individuals of which were all known to each other. Among them was a very respectable matron, who in the course of conversation, his abilities, of such a respectable family, should pursue such a course. Her zeal made her very eloquent, and the object of it began to wish to get rid of the discussion. He observed to her, that she was very severe; that people were very much the same; that there was less difference than she supposed. O! no, she said; there was no body so bad as he. In a deprecating tone and manner he replied, that most people would act alike, when put in the same situation; that his conduct and hers would be the same if placed in similar circumstances. She retorted that was impossible; that they could never act alike in any case; he thought he could name one; she denied him; suppose then, madam, that in travelling, you come to an inn, where all the beds were full except two, and in one of these was a man, and in the other a woman, which would you take? Why, the woman's, he said, sure. Well, madam, said he, so would I. Even the lady was obliged to join in the laugh, by which the profligate wit made his escape from a troublesome argument.

THE INCURIOUS.

Three years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet neither Lions, Tombs, nor Kings had seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. Taken on Execution, and to be sold at Public Auction, on Friday, the twenty-fourth day of June next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, at the Store of Capt. Davis Washburn, in Dixfield, in said county all the right in equity of redemption which JOSEPH YETTON has in and to a certain Fulling Mill, which the said Yetton now occupies and improves, in Dixfield aforesaid, with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging; being the same real estate which one Joseph Hosley mortgaged to Dexter Walker, Esq. and which the said Walker assigned to Oliver Cuts, and for a more particular description of said premises, reference being had to the said Hosley's mortgage deed and the said Walker's assignment of the same.
HASTINGS STRICKLAND, Jr. Deputy Sheriff.
Dixfield, May 25th, 1825.

To ALANSON MELLE, Esquire, one of the Justices of the Peace, in and for the County of Oxford, in the State of Maine:

HUMBLY show and represent the subscribers, being five of the Proprietors, and part owners of the Township of Land numbered five, in the third range of Townships in the County of Oxford aforesaid, that it is necessary that a meeting of all the Proprietors thereof, being lands held in common and undivided, should be held—Wherefore, your petitioners pray your Honor to grant a warrant to call a meeting of said Proprietors, to be held at the store of Thomas Crocker, in Paris, in said County of Oxford, on Saturday, the eleventh day of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, for the following purposes, viz: First. To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting. Secondly. To choose a Clerk, Assessors, Collector and Treasurer of said Proprietors. Thirdly. To take into consideration the state of said Township, and what is necessary to be done to promote its settlement and interest, and to decide and determine on measures and proceedings proper to be taken and followed for that purpose. Fourthly. To determine whether the Proprietors will take any measures for opening a Road through said Township, and what encouragement and lands they will give to settlers, and what contracts they will make with settlers. Fifthly. To raise all monies by assessments and other lawful means, for the necessary business and prudential affairs of said Township. Sixthly. To determine what measures shall be taken for a proper division of the said Township among its respective Proprietors—and in what manner future meetings shall be called and notified, and where and at what times they shall be held. Seventhly. To do and transact any other business which the Proprietors, when convened, may deem necessary to be done for the benefit of said Township and of said Proprietors. And as in duty bound will ever pray, &c.
LEVI WILLARD,
JOSIAH WILLARD,
EDMUND TILSTON,
SIMON FORD,
THOMAS L. PARKER.
Paris, April 28th, 1825.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss. To THOMAS L. PARKER, one of the Proprietors of Township Numbered Five, in the third Range of Townships, in the said County of Oxford, and one of the petitioners who subscribed the foregoing Petition.
GREETING: YOU are hereby authorized and required, in pursuance of the foregoing application, in the name of the State of Maine, to notify the Proprietors of said Township, (being Land held in common and undivided,) in manner as the Law directs, to meet at the time and place and for the purposes mentioned in the foregoing application.
Given under my hand and seal, this twenty-eighth day of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.
ALANSON MELLE, Justice of the Peace.

NOTIFICATION.

In pursuance of the foregoing Warrant to me directed, I do hereby notify the Proprietors aforesaid to meet at the time and place, and for the purposes mentioned in the foregoing application, and this I do by advertising the same as the Law directs.
THOMAS L. PARKER.
Paris, April 28, 1825. 44 ldm

NEW AND CHEAP.

COURT STREET, PORTLAND.
HAS JUST RECEIVED a large and extensive assortment of

FRESH IMPORTED GOODS:

CONSISTING OF
A great variety of plain and fancy figured Muslins; white and colored Cambrics; elegant Muslin and Cambric Calicoes; Gingham; mourning ditto; black and colored Lustrings; stripe and check ditto; Merino and fancy silk; Handkerchiefs; flag, bandanna and black silk ditto; Gauze Veils; very cheap black and white Lace ditto; Green Crape and Gauze; Dimities, Is. yd.; British Shirting; Muslin and Gingham Gown Patterns; Raw Silk and Imitation Mantles and Shawls; Canton Crape Shawls and Mantles; Irish Linens; Long Lawn; Linen Cambric; Laces, Edgings and Insertings; black and white silk Lace; 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Table Linen; English and Russia Diaper; Ladies' and Men's Gloves; cotton and worsted Hose; Parasols; Umbrellas; stripe and white; Jeans; Blue Nankin; Vesting; black silk ditto; Tabby Velvets; Gimps; Braids; Corals; Tapes; cotton and linen Floss; Cotton Balls; Sewing Silk and Twist; Boxes Pins; Needles; best quality; Buttons; Broadcloths; &c. &c. &c.

ALSO, CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
American Shirting and Sheetings; Calicoes; Gingham; Stripes; Checks; Satinets. All which, together with a great many other articles, are offered at wholesale and retail at the very low west cash prices.
Portland, May, 1825. 46 ldm

SPECTACLES.

FOR SALE at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, a good assortment of SPECTACLES.

JUST RECEIVED.

AND for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, AN INDELIBLE INK for marking on Linnen, also, Conversation Cards, and Quil-Paper.